

简易英语注释读物



Vol.104



The Citadel

堡 垒

商 务 印 书 馆



SIMPLE ENGLISH READERS

Vol. 104

The Citadel

by

A. J. CRONIN

Simplified and Annotated

by

Yu Tian Ming

俞 天 民

The Commercial Press

Beijing, 1979

简易英语注释读物

全 集

〔英〕克罗宁著

俞天民 改写、注释

商务印书馆出版

(北京王府井大街36号)

新华书店北京发行所发行

六〇三印刷厂印刷

787×1092毫米 1/32 5¹/₂；印张 129千字
1979年9月第1版 1979年9月第1次印刷

印数：1—86,000册

统一书号：9017·874 定价：0.44元

阿·约·克罗宁

27



阿·约·克罗宁

禾禾绘

本书简介

作者阿·克罗宁一八九六年出生于苏格兰，一九一九年开始行医。以后弃医从事文学活动。他的第一部长篇小说《帽商的城堡》（*The Hatter's Castle*）于一九三一年问世后曾经轰动英国文坛。之后，作者又写出了《群星俯视》（*The Stars Look Down*, 1935），《堡垒》（*The Citadel*, 1937），《王国之钥》（*The Keys of the Kingdom*, 1942），《青青的岁月》（*The Green Years*, 1944），《谢农的道路》（*Shannon's Way*, 1948）等作品。在这些作品中作者对当代英国资本主义社会的黑暗现状及其腐化堕落作了不同程度的揭露和抨击。后来作者移居美国，虽然继续写作，但是作品呈现出神秘主义倾向，失去了他初期作品所有的一定的批判精神。

在作者所有作品中，《堡垒》在揭露英国社会真相方面较有深度。

它的主要人物是一个刚刚迈出校门踏入社会的青年医师曼逊。他全身洋溢着青春的活力和一片热诚之心，到矿区去热情地为矿工治病，冒着生命危险下矿搭救遇难的工人，为了阻止传染病的蔓延，他亲自动手炸掉漏水的下水道……，但是他却遭受资产阶级人士的反对和排斥，几乎处处碰壁。在他绝望之际他曾愤怒地喊道：“没有金钱你就休想干任何事情。”这难道不是对这个制度的控诉吗？

但是曼逊毕竟是一个在资本主义制度下长大的知识分子。他那种热忱只不过是一时的冲动而已。象千千万万生活在资本主义社会的青年一样，他在金钱、名誉、地位的引诱下一步一步地走向堕落。他开始向往奢侈的生活享受，追逐名利，甚至不惜弄虚作假蒙骗病人，从中渔利。向上爬，变成了他的生活指南。

小说以曼逊的觉悟和忏悔而告结束。

THE CITADEL

by A. J. Cronin

BOOK I

I

Late one October afternoon in the year 1921, a poorly dressed young man gazed through the window of a third-class carriage in the almost empty train labouring up the Penewell Valley. All that day Manson had travelled from the North, and the final stage of his journey to South Wales found him in a still greater excitement because of the prospects of his post¹, the first of his medical career, in this strange, disfigured country².

Outside, a heavy rainstorm came blinding down between the mountains which rose on either side of the single railway track. The mountain tops were hidden in a grey sky, their sides, marked by ore workings³, fell black and gloomy. At a bend of the line⁴ the red glare of a foundry flashed into sight, throwing light upon a score of workmen stripped to the waist⁵, their bodies straining, arms upraised to strike. Though the scene was swiftly lost behind a mine, a sense of power persisted. Manson drew a long breath. He felt a sudden feeling of

1. the prospects of his post: (新)工作(美好的)前景。 2. disfigured country: 由于到处开矿而被弄得不成样子的田野。 3. ore workings: 矿井开掘面。 4. at a bend of the line: 火车行驶在一段弯道上时。 5. stripped to the waist: 光着上身。

cheerfulness and excitement springing from the hope and promise of the future.

Darkness had fallen, emphasizing the strangeness of the scene when, half an hour later, the engine panted into Blaenelly, the end township of the valley. He had arrived at last. Gripping his bag, Manson leaped from the train and walked quickly down the platform, searching eagerly for some sign of welcome. At the gate, beneath a lamp, a yellow-faced old man stood waiting. He looked at Manson for a moment and then said:

"You Doctor Page's new assistant?"

"That's right. Andrew Manson is the name."

"Mine's Thomas. I got the cart here. Step in."

They drove off through the town. "Just got your graduation paper, eh?" Thomas asked.

Andrew nodded.

"I guessed so," Thomas spat. "Last assistant went ten days ago. Mostly they don't stop¹."

"Why?" Despite his nervousness, Andrew smiled.

"Work's too hard for one thing², I think."

"And for another?"

"You'll find out!"

Here the main street ended and, turning up a short uneven side road, they entered the narrow drive of a house.

"Here we are," said Thomas, pulling up the horse.³

Andrew descended. The next minute the front door was flung open and he was in the lighted hall, being welcomed by a short, fat, smiling woman of about forty.

1. Mostly they don't stop: 一般谁也呆不长。 2. for one thing: 理由之一是...。 3. pulling up the horse: 将马停了下来。

“Well! Well! I’m Doctor’s wife, Mrs. Page. I do hope you didn’t have a trying journey¹. I *am* pleased to see you. Come along, I’ll show you to your room.”

Upstairs, Andrew’s room was a small apartment with a brass bed, an old chest of drawers and a table bearing a basin.

Glancing round it he said with anxious politeness: “This looks very comfortable, Mrs. Page.”

“Yes, indeed.” She smiled and patted his shoulder. “Now come along before you’re a minute older and meet the Doctor.” She paused, her gaze questioning his, her tone striving to be offhand. “I don’t know if I said so in my letter but, as a matter of fact — Doctor hasn’t been too well, lately.”

Andrew looked at her in sudden surprise.

“Oh, it’s nothing much,” she went on quickly, before he could speak. “He’s been laid up² a few weeks. But he’ll soon be all right. Make no mistake about that³.”

Andrew followed her to the end of the passage, where she threw open a door, exclaiming: “Here’s Doctor Manson, Edward — our new assistant. He’s come to say how do you do⁴.”

Edward Page was a big, bony man of perhaps sixty, and bore the signs of a severe and far from recent illness⁵.

“I hope you’ll like it here,” Doctor Page remarked, speaking slowly and with difficulty. “I hope you’ll find the practice not too much for you. You’re very young.”

1. I do hope... journey: 但愿你旅途没过分劳累。 2. be laid up: 病倒。 3. Make no mistake about that: 这一点你尽管放心, 不会有错。 4. He’s come to say how do you do: 他来和你认识一下。 5. bore the signs ... illness: 看来病了有些日子了, 并且还很严重。

“I’m twenty-four, sir,” Andrew answered. “I know this is my first job, but I’m not afraid of work.”

“There, now!” Mrs. Page beamed. “Didn’t I tell you, Edward, we’d be lucky with our next one?”

Doctor Page said in a tired voice: “I hope you’ll stay.”

As Andrew went down to supper, his thoughts were confused. He had applied for this assistantship in answer to an advertisement in *The Lancet*². Yet in the correspondence, conducted at this end by Mrs. Page, which had led to the securing of the post, there had been no mention whatsoever of Doctor Page’s illness³. But Page was ill; there could be no question of the seriousness of his illness. It would be years before he was fit for work, if, indeed, he were ever fit for work again⁴.

With an effort Andrew put the puzzle from his mind⁵. He was young, strong, and had no objection to the extra work in which Page’s illness might involve him. Indeed, in his enthusiasm, he longed for work.

“Come away for supper,” Mrs. Page said.

Mrs. Page sat at the head of the table with her back to the fire. When she had sunk comfortably into her chair she rang the little cowbell in front of her. A middle-aged servant brought in the supper, stealing a glance at Andrew as she entered.

“Come along, Annie,” cried Mrs. Page, buttering a huge slice of bread and stuffing it in her mouth. “This is Doctor Manson.”

1. There, now! 瞧,是不是! 2. *The Lancet*: 英国出版的一种医学周刊杂志名。 3. Yet in the correspondence, ... Doctor Page’s illness: 在他们通信后, 曼逊获得了这个新职务。信是由培治夫人写的, 但在信中她丝毫没有提及培治大夫生病的事。 4. It would be ... indeed, ... fit for work again: 他恐怕已经完全不能工作了, 即使能也要在多少年以后了。 5. put the puzzle from his mind: 把这个谜丢在脑后。

Annie did not answer. She served Andrew silently with a thin slice of cold boiled meat. For Mrs. Page, however, there was a hot beefsteak and a large bottle of wine. As the doctor's wife lifted the cover from her special dish and cut into the juicy meat, her mouth watering in expectation, she explained: "I didn't have much lunch, Doctor. Besides, I have to take a drop of wine for the blood¹."

During the meal Mrs. Page ate freely but said little. At length, dipping up the juice with her bread, she finished her meal, and lay back in her chair, perhaps trying, in her own bold way, to sum Manson up².

Studying him, she saw a dark youngster, a fine jaw and blue eyes. These eyes, when he raised them, were extraordinarily steady and inquiring. Although Blodwen Page knew nothing of it she was looking at a Celtic³ type. Though she admitted the vigour and intelligence in Andrew's face, what pleased her most of all was his acceptance of that thin cut from the three-days-old meat. She reflected that, though he looked hungry, he might not be hard to feed.

"I'm sure we'll get on fine⁴, you and me," she declared, picking her teeth with a hairpin. "I do need a bit of luck for a change⁵." Then she told him of her troubles, and sketched a vague outline of the practice and its position. "It's been awful, dear. You don't know. With Doctor Page's illness, wicked assistants, nothing coming in⁶ and everything going out — well! you

1. for the blood: 为补血。 2. sum up: 判断(他是怎样一种人)。
3. Celtic ['keltik]: 居尔特族的(居尔特人是在爱尔兰、威尔士、苏格兰高地的亚利安人的一族,以面型俊美著称)。 4. get on fine: 相处得很好。 5. I do need ... change: 我真倒霉够了,也该走走运了。 6. nothing coming in: 没有收入。

wouldn't believe it! And the job I've had to keep the manager and mine officials sweet¹ — it's them the practice money comes through — what there is of it²," she added hurriedly. "You see, the way they work things in Blaenelly is like this: the Company has two doctors on its list, though, mind you, Doctor Page is far and away³ the cleverer. And besides, the time he's been here! Nearly thirty years and more; that's something⁴, I should think! Well, then, these doctors can have as many assistants as they like, — Doctor has you, and Doctor Lewis has a fellow called Denny, — but the assistants don't ever get on the Company's list. Anyway, as I was saying, the Company deducts so much from every man's wages they employ at the mines, and pays that out to the listed doctors according to how many of the men sign on with them⁵."

She broke off under the strain of an overloaded stomach.

"I think I see how the system works, Mrs. Page."

"Well, then!" she heaved out her jolly laugh. "You don't have to bother about it. All you got to remember is that you're working for Doctor Page. That's the main thing, Doctor. Just remember you're working for Doctor Page and you and poor little me'll get on fine."

Then she rose. Her voice was different, almost commanding.

"By the way, there's a call for Number 7 Glydar Place. You better do it straight away⁶."

1. keep ... sweet: 不断讨...的好。 2. what there is of it: 仅有的那一点儿。 3. far and away ... :得多。 4. That's something: 这可不简单啊。 5. sign on with them: 是他们的病人(直译: 与他们签约)。 6. straight away: 马上。

II

Already Andrew realized how he would be made use of by Blodwen Page to run the practice for his disabled principal. It was a strange situation, and very different from any romantic picture which his fancy might have painted. Yet, after all, his work was the important thing; beside it all else was unimportant. He longed to begin it.

He reached 7 Glydar Place, knocked breathlessly upon the door, and was at once admitted to the kitchen, where the patient lay. She was a young woman, wife of a steel worker named Williams, and as he approached the bedside with a fast-beating heart he felt the significance of this, the real starting-point of his life. He was alone, faced by a case which he must treat unaided. All at once, he was conscious of his nervousness, his inexperience, his complete unpreparedness, for such a task.

While the husband stood by, Andrew Manson examined the patient with great care. There was no doubt about it, she was ill. Temperature, pulse, tongue, they all spoke of trouble, serious trouble. What was it? Andrew asked himself that question with a strained intensity as he went over her again. His first case. Oh, he knew that he was overanxious! But suppose he made an error? He had missed nothing. Nothing. Yet he still found himself struggling towards some solution of the problem, striving to group the symptoms under the heading of some recognized disease. At last, aware that he could prolong his investigation no longer, he straightened himself slowly, folding up his stethoscope, hunting for words.

"Did she have a chill?" he asked, his eyes upon the floor.

"Yes, indeed," Williams answered eagerly.

Andrew nodded, attempting painfully to create a confidence he did not feel. He muttered: "We'll soon have her right. I'll give you a bottle of medicine."

He took his leave of them and with his head down, thinking desperately, he walked back to the surgery.

It must be, yes, it must be a chill. But in his heart he knew that it was not a chill. He groaned, dismayed and angry at his own inadequacy. Unhappily, Andrew took a six-ounce bottle from the shelf and began with a frown of concentration to compound a mixture. Spirit of nitre¹, salicylate of sodium — where the dickens² was the salicylate of sodium? Oh, there it was! He tried to cheer himself up by reflecting that they were all splendid, all excellent drugs, bound to get the temperature down, certain to do good.

He had just finished his compounding and, with a mild sense of achievement³, was writing the label when the surgery bell went ping, the outer door swung open, and a short, powerfully thickset man of thirty strolled in. He looked Andrew up and down. His voice, when it came, was politely ironic and annoyingly well-bred.

"I saw a light in your window as I was passing. Thought I'd look in to welcome you. I'm Denny, assistant to the esteemed Doctor Lewis."

Andrew stared back doubtfully. Philip Denny lit a cigarette, threw the match on the floor, and walked forward. He picked up the bottle of medicine, read the address, the directions, uncorked it, sniffed it, recorked it and put it down.

1. spirit of nitre: 亚硝酸乙酯酒精溶液。C₂H₅ONO, 过去用来作为利尿剂和发汗剂。 2. the dickens: 到底(加强语气的词)。 3. with a mild sense of achievement: 稍微有点成绩还不坏的感觉。

“Splendid! You’ve begun the good work already! One tablespoon every three hours. God Almighty! It’s reassuring to meet the dear old black art¹. But, Doctor, why not three times a day? Don’t you realize, Doctor, that in the little red book² the tablespoonfuls should pass down the oesophagus three times a day?” He paused, becoming more offensive than ever. “Now, tell me, Doctor, what’s in it? Spirit of nitre, by the smell³. Wonderful stuff, sweet spirit of nitre. Wonderful, wonderful, my dear Doctor! Yes, yes, when in doubt give spirit of nitre.”

Again there was a silence in the wooden shed. Suddenly Denny laughed: “Science apart⁴, Doctor, you might satisfy my curiosity. Why have you come here?”

By this time Andrew’s temper was rising rapidly. He answered grimly: “My idea was to turn Blaenelly into a health resort⁵.”

Again Denny laughed. His laugh was an insult, which made Andrew long to hit him.

“Witty, witty, my dear Doctor. Unfortunately I can’t recommend the water here as being ideally suited for a health resort. As to the medical gentlemen — my dear Doctor, in this Valley they’re a shame to the glorious, noble profession.”

“Including yourself?”

“Exactly!” Denny nodded. Now his tone, though bitter, was serious: “Look here, Manson! I realize you’re just passing through on your way to somewhere high up⁶, but in the

1. black art: 妖术。 2. the little red book: 红皮的医生手册。 3. by the smell: 从气味(可以判定)。 4. science apart: 撇开科学不谈。 5. health resort: 疗养地。 6. I realize ... high up: 我知道你只不过把这里当作你爬到更高地位的歇脚点。

meantime there are one or two things about this place you ought to know. There's no hospital, no X-rays, no anything. If you want to operate you use the kitchen table. In a dry summer the kids die like flies. Page, your boss, was a damned good old doctor, but he's finished now, he'll never do a hand's turn again¹. Lewis, my owner, is a tight little money-chasing thief. As for myself, I drink like a fish². I think that's about all." Then he moved heavily towards the door. There he paused. His tone was flat, quite uninterested. "By the way, I should look out for typhoid in Glydar Place, if I were you."

Ping! went the door again. Before Andrew could answer, Doctor Philip Denny disappeared into the wet darkness.

III

It was not his lumpy mattress which caused Andrew to sleep badly that night, but growing anxiety about the case in Glydar Place. Was it typhoid? Denny's parting remark had started a fresh train of doubt³ in his already uncertain mind. He restrained himself with difficulty from rising and revisiting the case at an unearthly hour of the morning⁴. Indeed, as he tossed and turned through the long restless night, he came to ask himself if he knew anything of medicine at all.

Early next morning, with an almost painful expectancy he told old Thomas to drive direct to 7 Glydar Place. Twenty minutes later he came out of Number 7, pale, with his lips tightly compressed and an odd expression on his face. He went two

1. He'll never ... again: 他什么也做不了啦。 2. drink like a fish: 是个好酒贪杯的人。 3. start a fresh train of doubt: 又使他疑虑重重。 4. revisiting the case ... the morning: 不通人情地在深更半夜再去打扰人家。

doors down, into Number 11, which was also on his list. From Number 11 he crossed the street to Number 18. He went round the corner to Radnor Place, where two further cases were marked on the list as to be attended to immediately. Altogether, within the space of an hour, he made seven such calls in the immediate neighbourhood¹. Five of them, including Number 7 Glydar Place, were clear cases of typhoid. Now Andrew realized with a shiver of fear that he had an outbreak of typhoid fever on his hands.

After lunch he decided he must speak to Doctor Page. "Doctor Page, if we get an infectious case, what's the best thing to do?"

There was a pause. "It's always been difficult. If you should run into anything very bad ring up Griffiths at Toniglan. He's the District Medical Officer." Another pause, longer than before. "But I'm afraid he's not very helpful."

Andrew hastened down to the hall and rang up Toniglan. While he stood with the receiver to his ear he saw Annie, the servant, looking at him through the kitchen door.

"Hello! Hello! Is that Doctor Griffiths of Toniglan?" He got through² at last.

A man's voice answered very guardedly. "Who wants him?"

"This is Manson of Blaenelly. Doctor Page's assistant." Andrew's tone was overpitched; "I've got five cases of typhoid up here. I want Doctor Griffiths to come up immediately."

There was the barest pause, then with a rush the reply came

1. made seven . . . neighbourhood: 就近走访了七家。 2. got through: (电话)接通了。

back in a singsong tone, very apologetic. "I'm very sorry, Doctor, indeed I am, but Doctor Griffiths has gone to Swansea. Important official business."

"When will he be back?" shouted Manson. The line was bad¹.

"Indeed, Doctor, I couldn't say for certain."

"But, listen..."

There was a click at the far end. Very quietly the other had rung off². Manson swore out loud with nervous violence. "Damn it! I believe, that was Griffiths himself."

He rang the number again, failed to get a connection, yet, persisted doggedly. He was about to ring again when, turning, he found that Annie had advanced into the hall. She was a woman of perhaps forty-five, very clean, with a grave expression.

"I couldn't help but hear, Doctor," she said. "You'll never find Doctor Griffiths in Toniglan this hour of day. He does go to the golf at Swansea afternoons mostly."

"But I think that was him I spoke to."

"Maybe," she smiled faintly. "When he doesn't go to Swansea he says he's gone somewhere." She considered him with friendliness before turning away. "I wouldn't waste my time on him if I were you."

Andrew replaced the receiver with a deepening sense of anger and distress.

At half past nine, when the last patient had left the surgery, he came out with resolution in his eyes; he had decided to go and

1. The line was bad: 电话里声音不清楚。 2. ring off: (电话)挂上了。